

drizzling, and you don't feel just right. A big, fat, red-faced man came puffing and panting up the car steps and rated the whole car company because his peremptory signaling had not been seen as promptly as he thought it should have been.

"A little maid opposite in a blue tam-o'-shanter took it all in with her grave, round eyes. She had a bunch of nodding clove-pinks in her hands—all colors. She had dainty little short skirts, like flower-petals held downwards. She made you think of a flower anyhow.

"Children are such imitative things. I was not at all surprised to see how soon my little flower lady found it "catching." Her baby brows drew together, and her dainty feet spurned a big, brown bundle that happened to touch the tips of her tiny toes.

"How dwefful crowded vis car is!" I heard her say, in the funniest, disgusted tone. She gave a good scowl to somebody hanging by a car strap, whose long, loose sleeve happened to touch the tassel of her cap and so brushed it a trifle forward. Her mother or aunt, who was with her, did not seem to notice her little air of vexation. By and by the conductor came round, and, in edging his way along from seat to seat, managed to hit the large doll which she carried in the hand that hadn't the pinks in it. The red slipper fell off on the floor.

"Nare! she cried, angrily, for all the world like the older ones around her, 'now, now, see what you've done! Knocked my dolly's slipper off!'

The conductor stooped instantly to pick up the tiny thing, and for one instant his eyes were on a level with the child's. In that instant she seemed to see something in them that melted her. Quick as a flash her mood changed.

"I'm sorry I spoke cross!" she said in her sweet, shrill, childlike voice.

"And then the rest of us who were near enough saw something. A quiver of grief, and then a swift setting into rigid lines that even children knew meant tears, on a man's face. He did not speak, but baby held up her pinks to him.

"Take some! My papa gave me 'em! Has you got a little girl?"

"The man picked out two white ones. His face was thanking her. His voice was low and husky, so that not many heard it:

"I'll put them in her hand" he said. "My little girl died yesterday."

The Debt of Honor

Selected.

Every son when he goes away from home carries with him the honor of the home to which he belongs, and he may either enhance it or dissipate it. If he does well, his success is doubled, for it is not only an ornament to himself, but a crown of honor to his parents.

There is nothing in this world more touching than the pride of a father or mother in a son's success. Many a student in the rivalries of academic life is thinking about this

more than anything else, and on the day when he is being applauded by hundreds, he is thinking chiefly of hearts far away which are glorying in his honor. In the battles of life, in a city like this, there are multitudes doing their best, living laborious days, shaking off the tempter, and keeping straight in the middle of the narrow way, for the sake of those far off whose hearts will be cheered by their well doing, and would be broken by their ill-doing.

I do not think there is a sight more touching—certainly there is not one that touches me more—than when a youth who has been away in another city or in a foreign land, and bears in his face and demeanor tokens of his well-doing, comes back some Sabbath to the church in which his boyhood has been spent, and sits again side by side with the proud hearts which love him. Where is there a disappointment so keen of a disgrace so poignant as he inflicts who comes not back because he dare not, having in the foreign land or the distant city soiled his good name, and rolled the honor of his home in the dust?

A Word to the Old

Religious Telescope.

You will soon be gone. Life's journey with you is nearing its close. If you propose, in the goodness of your hearts, to help church erection, now is the time to do it. For the Master's sake do not put off arranging your property interests. Do you believe in church houses? Do you believe in helping needy congregations to places of their own in which to worship? Do you want to put your money where it will live and work and do good long after you are dead and gone? Then leave something for church erection. Give it while you live, if at all possible; if not, then make church erection an heir and bequeath it a part of your material wealth, to be used in the good work for all time. I beg of you—in Heaven's name, do not neglect a duty so important. Where else on earth could you put your money and expect larger returns than this society promises?

The Penny and the King

Selected.

A bright, new penny lay in the dust by the roadside, where it had been dropped by a passer by. As it lay looking up at the sun it heard a courier cry, "The King comes this way," as he galloped swiftly past. "The King!" exclaimed the penny, "Then I will brush the dust off my face and shine my brightest, so that his majesty may see me and pick me up." Poor penny, the King only glanced at the bright spot in the dust and, seeing it was but a penny, rode on in state, with never another thought for the coin. And the penny grieved in his heart.

By and by a footsore traveler came that way. He was very weary and hungry, for he had walked many miles that day and had eaten nothing since early morning. But he saw the penny and quickly took it up and hurried with it in his hand into the city.

Into a baker's shop he sped and the penny was soon exchanged for a stout wheaten loaf. As the little coin dropped into the baker's till it heard the traveler say, "That penny has given me my supper, for it was all I had, and had I not found it I should have had to beg." Then the penny felt glad that the King had passed it by, for it found much more pleasure in relieving a real want than the company of all the kings of the earth could have given it.

Saved His Dog

Christian Advocate.

A boy about ten years old went to the Central Police Station in Kansas City, Kan., one day recently, leading a fine shepherd dog by a short piece of rope tied to his collar, relates "The Kansas City Star." The boy's face was red and swollen, and he was crying.

"Well, well, well, what's the matter here?" asked a big policeman, stooping down and looking into the boy's face.

It seemed like a long time before he could stop crying.

"Please, sir," he sobbed, "my mother is too poor to pay for a license for Shep, and I brought him here to have you kill him."

Then he broke out with another wail that was heard all thru the city building. Shep stood there mute and motionless, looking up into the face of his young master. A policeman took out his handkerchief to blow his nose, and the desk sergeant went out into the hall, absent-mindedly whistling a tune which nobody ever heard before, while the captain remembered that he must telephone somebody. Then Chief McFarland led the boy to the door, and, patting him on the head, said, kindly:

"There, little fellow, don't cry any more; run home with your dog. I wouldn't kill a dog like Shep for a thousand dollars."

"O, thank you, sir!" They were tears of joy now. He bounded out into the street and ran off toward his home with Shep

to kiss the boy's face. It was hard to tell which was the happier, the boy or the dog.

Sisters' Society C. E.

Ashland, Ohio

I take pleasure in acknowledging, thru the S. S. C. E. columns, the receipt of a letter enclosing ten dollars from Sister Anna Grubb, Ashland, Oregon. This money was the last earned by her daughter, who just before her death requested that it should be put where it would do the most good. Her mother sent it to the Theological fund. She thought it could be used for no better purpose than to help young men and women to prepare for the Lord's work.

Sister Grubb is one of six members at Ashland, Oregon, true to the Brethren doctrine, tho they have no shepherd and the burden of her letter is that there might be more ministers to tell the glad story to every creature.

Brother J. J. Speicher of near Berlin, Pa.,